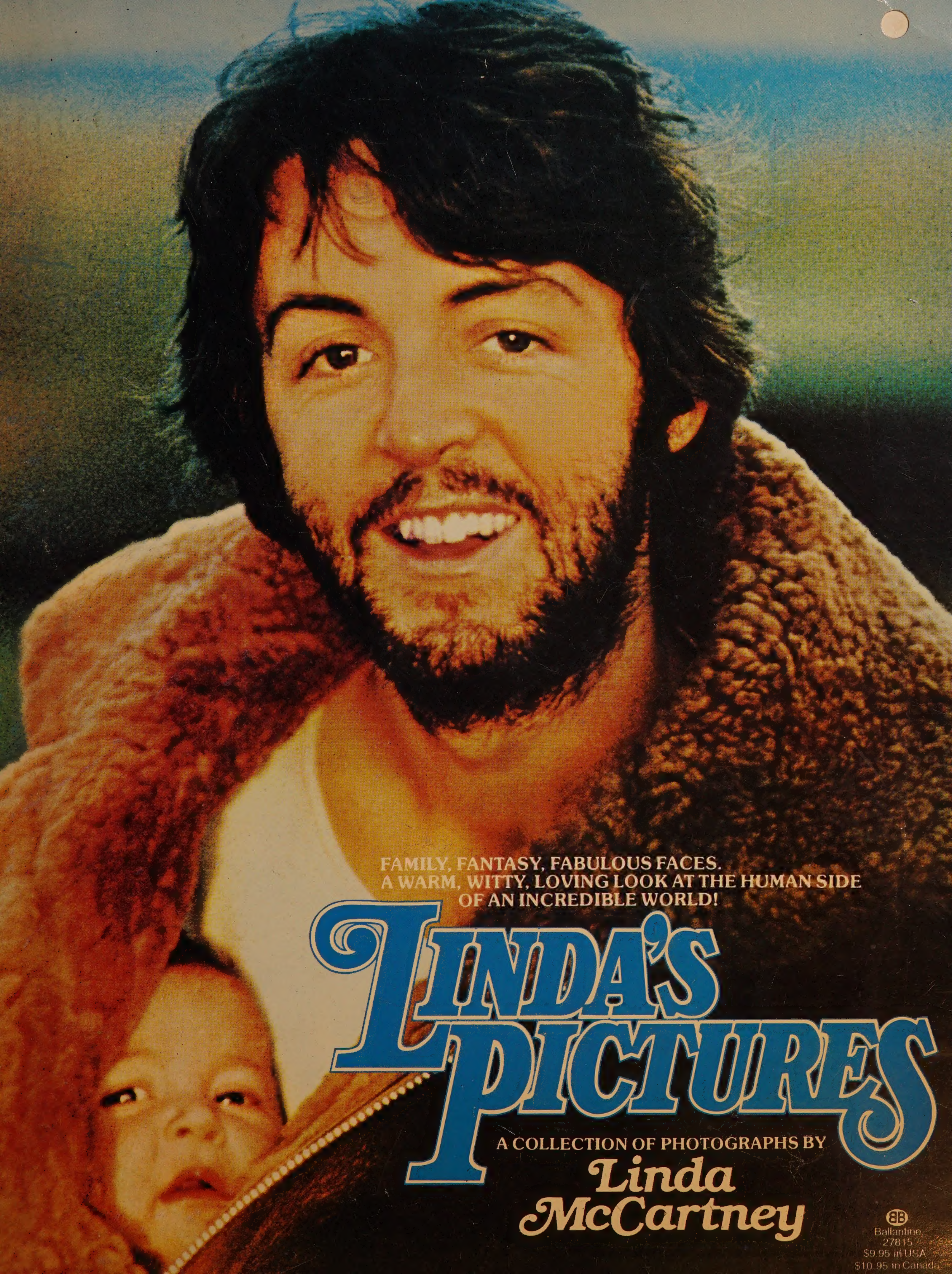

FAMILY, FANTASY, FABULOUS FACES.
A WARM, WITTY, LOVING LOOK AT THE HUMAN SIDE
OF AN INCREDIBLE WORLD!

LINDA'S PICTURES

A COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY

Linda McCartney

Ballantine
27815
$9.95 in USA
$10.95 in Canada

LINDA'S PICTURES

LINDA'S PICTURES

a collection of photographs

Photographs and Words
by
Linda McCartney

Reviewed
by
Paul McCartney

BALLANTINE BOOKS • NEW YORK

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 75-10706

ISBN 0-345-27815-1

Manufactured in the United States of America

Layout: Barney Wan
Design production: Gordon House, Roger Huggett, Sinc Ltd.

First Ballantine Books Edition: November 1977
Second Printing: April 1978

To Louise and Lee

The authoress, already a firm favourite of mine,
scores with her first outing in print.

Paul McCartney

Introduction by Linda McCartney

from an interview with Patrick Watson

I became a professional photographer by accident. I started taking pictures when I lived in Arizona—mainly of my horse and my daughter. But I never thought of doing it professionally until one day when I was working at *Town & Country* magazine in New York City. I opened this invitation to send a reporter to meet the Rolling Stones on a yacht in the Hudson River: Of all the invitations sent the magazine—millions of them used to come—this was the only one I really wanted to go to. But I didn't have a good enough job to just say, "Well, I'll go to that one," I was only the receptionist, so I rang the number on the R.S.V.P. and accepted for myself, and I took my camera and went. I thought, "Well, I'll go and take some pictures of them," but I was a very amateur photographer at the time. I loved taking pictures, but I didn't know much about it.

I got there, and I was the only photographer they allowed on the yacht.

I just kept clicking away with the camera, and they enjoyed it and I enjoyed it, and suddenly I found that taking pictures was a great way to live and a great way to work. I got off the boat and reporters came up and said, "Can I have your pictures!" and there I was, in the newspaper world.

The shot of Tommy James and the Shondells was my first studio picture. I'm very straightforward with the people I shoot, but I can't really do the "*You* stand there, and *you* stand there" bit. It's pretty imposing telling people what to do. I posed that studio shot, but what I really prefer doing—what really gets my best pictures—is to spend all day with people and make a nice day of it, and then the pictures are sure to come out all right.

Meet in the park and go to the zoo for lunch and go up to where they have the Shakespeare theater and then sit around and talk all day and get to know each other: A very nice day. If you have a nice day, you'll get nice pictures.

I'm basically shy. Some people think I'm so bold and confident, you know. In fact I still haven't reached the age, even when I'm taking pictures of Paul, when I can say, "Do this, do that."

Most people, if I like their music, I can get good pictures. Like the pictures of Jimi Hendrix. He was a great musician. I loved his music. And the Beatles. There's a picture of David Bowie in there, the only shot of him I ever took. A single polaroid shot, in between acts of his show in Nashville. If I'm into them as people or into their music, it works.

You remember when they started the Schaefer concerts in Central Park? The first year they had Otis Redding. I went with Eric Burdon and the Animals and we all stood up front and I was knocked out. *There he was*. Right in front of me on stage. They were the first live pictures I ever took. I didn't know how to use a light meter. I never have known about the mechanics of photography. But I was actually dancing and shooting at the same time. Right in front of the stage. Otis Redding and all the sax players. Otis was the best and it just had to turn out great, and I guess it did.

I took pictures of Ray Charles for *Mademoiselle* magazine. In his office in Los Angeles. They sent a model and I was to take a picture of Ray Charles with the model. There were a lot of assignments from *Mademoiselle* like that. Take a model with Jimi Hendrix. Take a model with Arlo Guthrie, a model with the Jefferson Airplane. But I was never into that end of taking pictures. I'd go along with it, but all I really wanted was to sneak great shots of the musicians, with the model *out* of the pictures. And that's how I got the shots of Ray Charles. He was like a stage set for the model, but I just framed the model out.

I like standing back and shooting with a long lens (usually 135 mm.). Portraits are great that way. I don't like to crop pictures, and the Ray

Charles shot isn't cropped. It's the whole negative. My first camera was a Pentax; now I use a Nikon.

For a while I was the house photographer at the Fillmore East. I never got paid for that, but I could go backstage, take pictures and get close to the artist. It was an amazing time because B. B. King and Buddy Guy and Albert King were around, and Janis and Big Brother.

For the cover of *Life* magazine I photographed Jim Morrison in the Cloisters, New York, but it was pouring rain and we had to stay inside. The big color shot in the book is what I got. I didn't have a flash, and it was gloomy inside—I just got a bit of light off one of the windows. But it never made the cover. Martin Luther King was killed that week. Then I lost touch with Jim and then he died.

Sometimes when I've taken a lot of pictures, I don't notice the one that's good until a long time later. The Yardbirds—that's the later Yardbirds—Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin and there's Keith Relf and Chris Dreja and Jim McCarty, and anyway I took a lot of pictures of them and never noticed till this book the one with the old lady who just happened to be passing. That's in front of the Baghdad House in London. You could go in for a quick eat and quiet smoke, and I went there with the Yardbirds and I just said, "Come on, one quick snap in the street before food." And that was it.

I've already said how if you have a really nice day with someone you'll get some really nice pictures. That was it with Tim Buckley. Spent the whole day at the zoo and park. A great day talking and shooting. Sometimes I stand there and talk and sometimes I put the camera down and just talk around a shot. You miss it yourself if you're taking a picture. At least I do. I close one eye, and maybe I should learn to keep the other one open so I don't miss so much. But that was a great day with Tim. There are a few great days, and that was one.

When Ringo was shooting *Magic Christian* out at Twickenham another photographer was doing the session actually, but, um, I was always a bit embarrassed to take pictures of the Beatles professionally because I felt I would be using Paul's friendship. So I used to take pictures and just sort of take them, not seriously. But I like them anyway.

Sergeant Pepper party, when they only let the photographers in for a quick few minutes, and everybody was really up and playing around for the photographers.

It's funny. My father used to say, "If you want to be a photographer, go and work for a professional. Get trained." Well, I never had the patience for that. I had to trust my feelings. Besides I'm too lazy, and then I was actually doing it and I just couldn't stop for that. And as it turned out, I got a lot of good shots and a lot of good assignments.

One day a friend of mine, Danny Fields, who worked for Elektra Records, just phoned up and said, "Do you want to photograph a young man named Jackson Browne?" Anyway, Jackson and I met in New York and went to the Cloisters and, another day, out on the Staten Island ferry. Around this time he played with Nico at a little club in the Village. Nico was still with the Velvet Underground. Anyway, Jackson would play and Nico would sing and Andy Warhol would show eight-millimeter movies on the wall. It was an interesting time. We had good times and we were all so irresponsible then. So free. You know, there are times in your life when you have no responsibilities and you just go! And that was very much the beginning of this period in New York for me. Good days with no pressure. I always knew what I saw through the camera was fantastic. I never knew if it would turn out, because I hardly ever used a light meter and I still don't. But I had that good feeling and I was usually right. I blow it sometimes. Who cares? I take pictures for the pleasure of it, not for the fear of it.

Taking pictures made me less shy. I was more relaxed because I was *doing* something. Otherwise you don't really walk around the park all day, do you? Sort of buzzing with people? We had a purpose. We were out there to take pictures. So we could say, "How about going down to the Fulton Fish Market?" And I'd go places I'd never have seen otherwise.

If you see something that moves you and then snap it, you keep a moment. What *can* you learn, really? Except I could learn more about the mechanics of it, but even there—what are the mechanics? I don't ever use filters because I don't know about them—that's the only reason why. I probably would if I knew about them, but I just don't know. There's the feeling, and the right reading—that's all you really need to know; the right light and the feeling.

I gave Jimi Hendrix most of the best pictures I took of him. I would go over and he'd look through them and he'd take all my color transparencies and put them in his briefcase and I'd never see them again and now I guess I never will.

When I came to England at the time I did the *Sergeant Pepper* picture, there were only two groups I wanted to photograph: the Beatles and Traffic. Nobody had heard Traffic play yet and nobody had any pictures. Everybody said, "You can't take pictures of them. They're at a cottage in Berkshire. Nobody knows where it is. They're rehearsing. Can't get to them."

Well, I was a very big Stevie Winwood fan, from when he was in the Spencer Davis group. Great singer, great organ player, great guitar player. Really good. I thought, "Well, what have I got to lose?" So I rang up Chris Blackwell, Traffic's manager. Anyway, he wasn't there, but Penny Mossot was, and we hit it off well. We ended up going to lunch together and she looked at my pictures and she said, "O.K., you can be the first to photograph them."

Groups began to ring me after a while. The Beach Boys rang me once, and I flew from L.A. to New York with them and they wanted a picture of them with the Maharishi. It was quite a scene. The Maharishi giggles a lot. He obviously feels very good. And you can see in the picture that they've all got stockinged feet because they all had to take their shoes off. "They" say he's a rip-off and all that, but I like what he says. He's only saying, "Meditate. Feel at ease. Be. Don't worry."

Anyway, that group shot was the same night Bob Dylan played in the Woody Guthrie memorial concert at Carnegie Hall. A friend of mine had a ticket waiting for me at the hall. I said to the Maharishi, "You really ought to go and hear that concert," and he just giggled and said, "I do not go to concerts. People come and play for me." So that was cool and that was that, and I was in a hurry and off I went. To Philharmonic Hall. I got mixed up. I was mad when there was no ticket waiting for me, so I just talked my way in. As a photographer. And went in and found I was at a Leonard Bernstein sold-out black-tie affair. And I'm in blue jeans and a suede jacket. Ran right around to Carnegie and no ticket and I talked my way into that one too. A good buzz. And I thought, "I'm getting paid for what I love doing. What's better than that?"

Every time Murray the K had some big guest on his radio show they'd ring me up to come and shoot. No wonder. Cheapest photographer in town. "She's so keen you don't have to pay her."

All those shots of Pete Townshend and the Who were at the Fillmore, and those were great days in the '60's, that first year, when the Fillmore audience was the real fan audience, the ones who really appreciated the music.

I went back later to see Eric Clapton when I was married to Paul, and the audience had totally changed. Hipper. Richer. Expected more. Just didn't have the feel anymore. That's why it closed, really.

Here's a story. One day in '69 or '70 I went to Hampstead to take some pictures of Stephen Stills and Graham Nash and David Crosby. I had taken pictures of the Buffalo Springfield and I knew Stephen pretty well. They rang me up and said they were thinking of forming a group (this was before Neil Young joined), the three of them, and they were staying at an apartment somewhere, and could I take pictures of them one day? So we made a date and I just went over there where they were staying and there was this great antique doll shop across the street. I hadn't been in England that long, and I remember thinking, "I'll get Heather," who was then about five, "one of these great old dolls"—they were fantastic. So Graham came over with me while David and Stephen were sort of getting ready, and the woman didn't really want to sell them and she was this old woman and I was really enthusiastic, so Graham talked her into it, saying we'd really cherish it and everything. So that's how that day started. And then we went out to Hampstead in their car, I think it was—it was a little car and we all piled in, you know, and it was sort of a rainy day and again we just sort of figured out where we'd go.

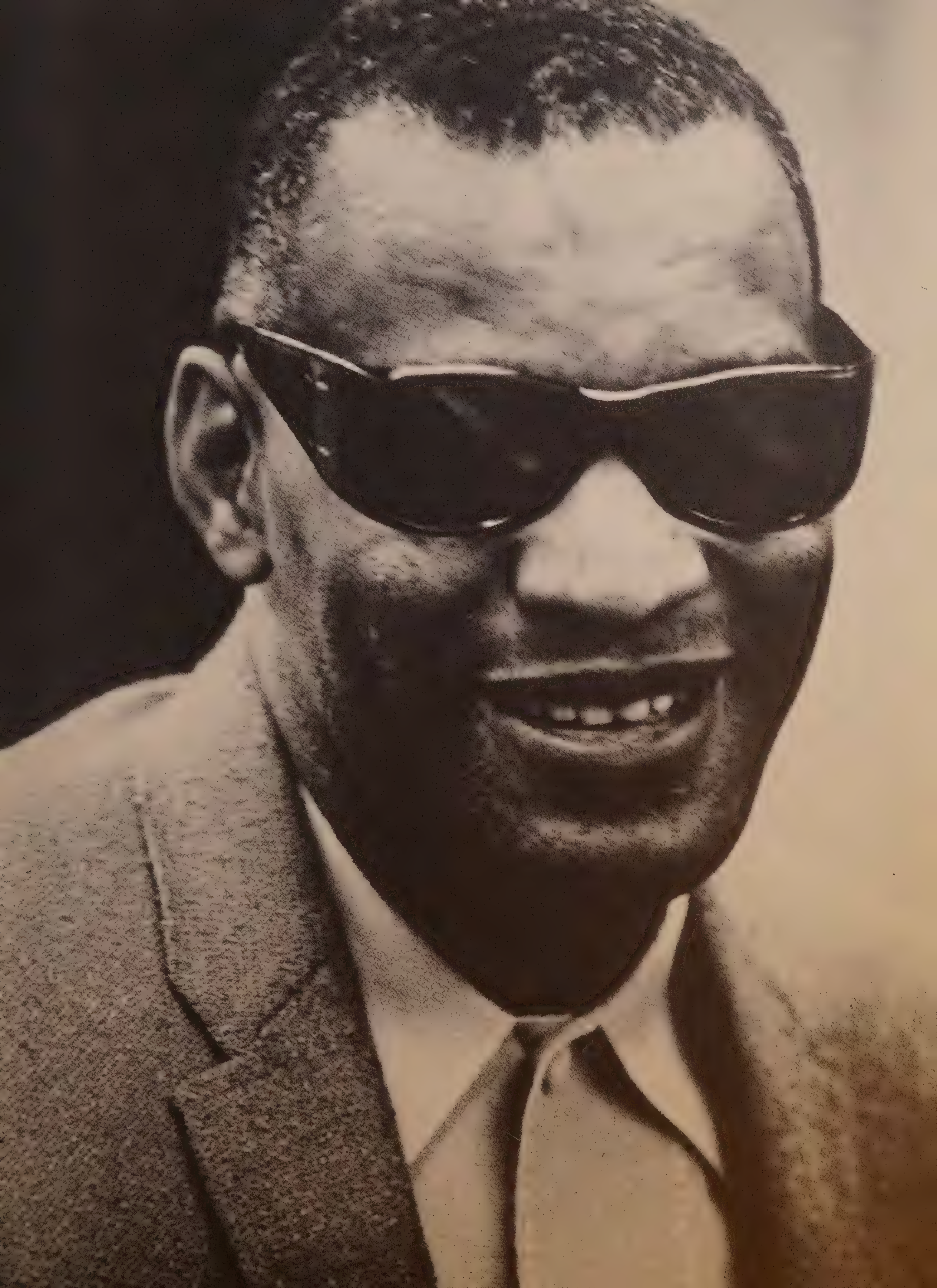
Good start. Good people. Everything the way it ought to be. And yet somehow it wasn't quite as much fun or as loose as earlier stuff I'd done. And it was during that session that I realized that in a funny way I had changed.

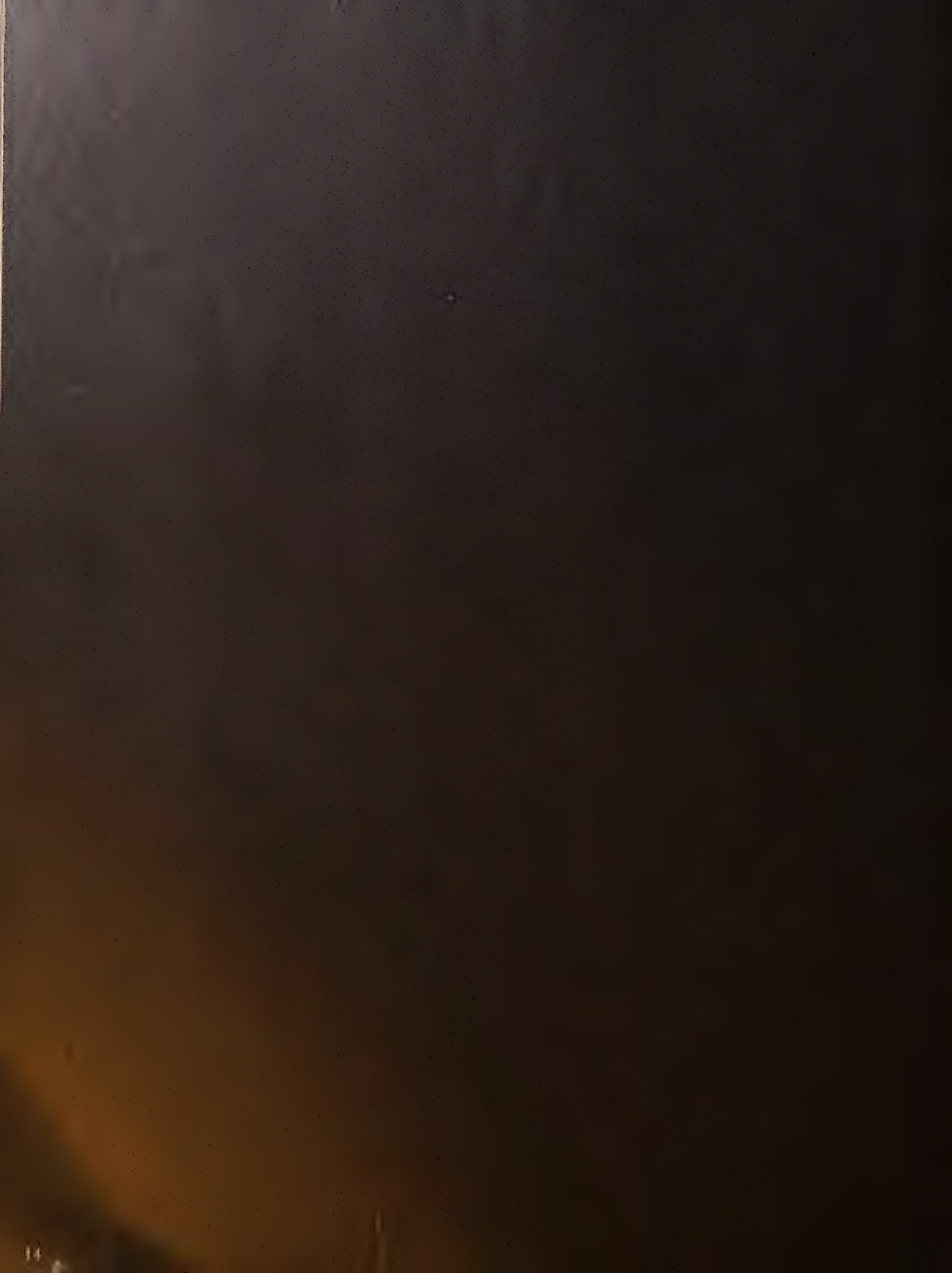
So in more and more of the photographs I'm taking my camera into the world I really love. I mean the family, Wings, touring.

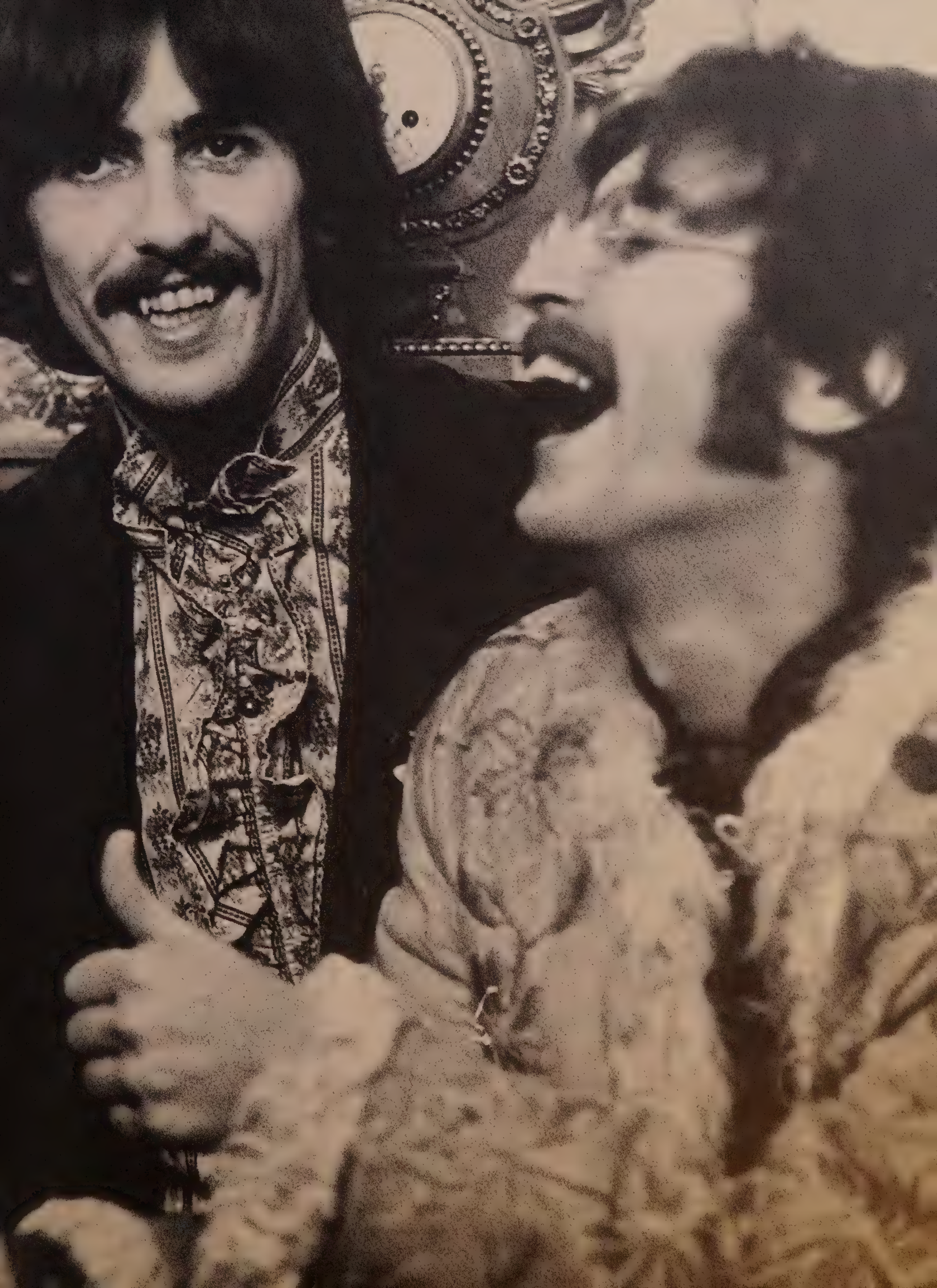
The light in Scotland is the best light in the world for me. The incredible beauty in old rocks and moss. The sky, the changes in weather. It's good. Good enough for me.

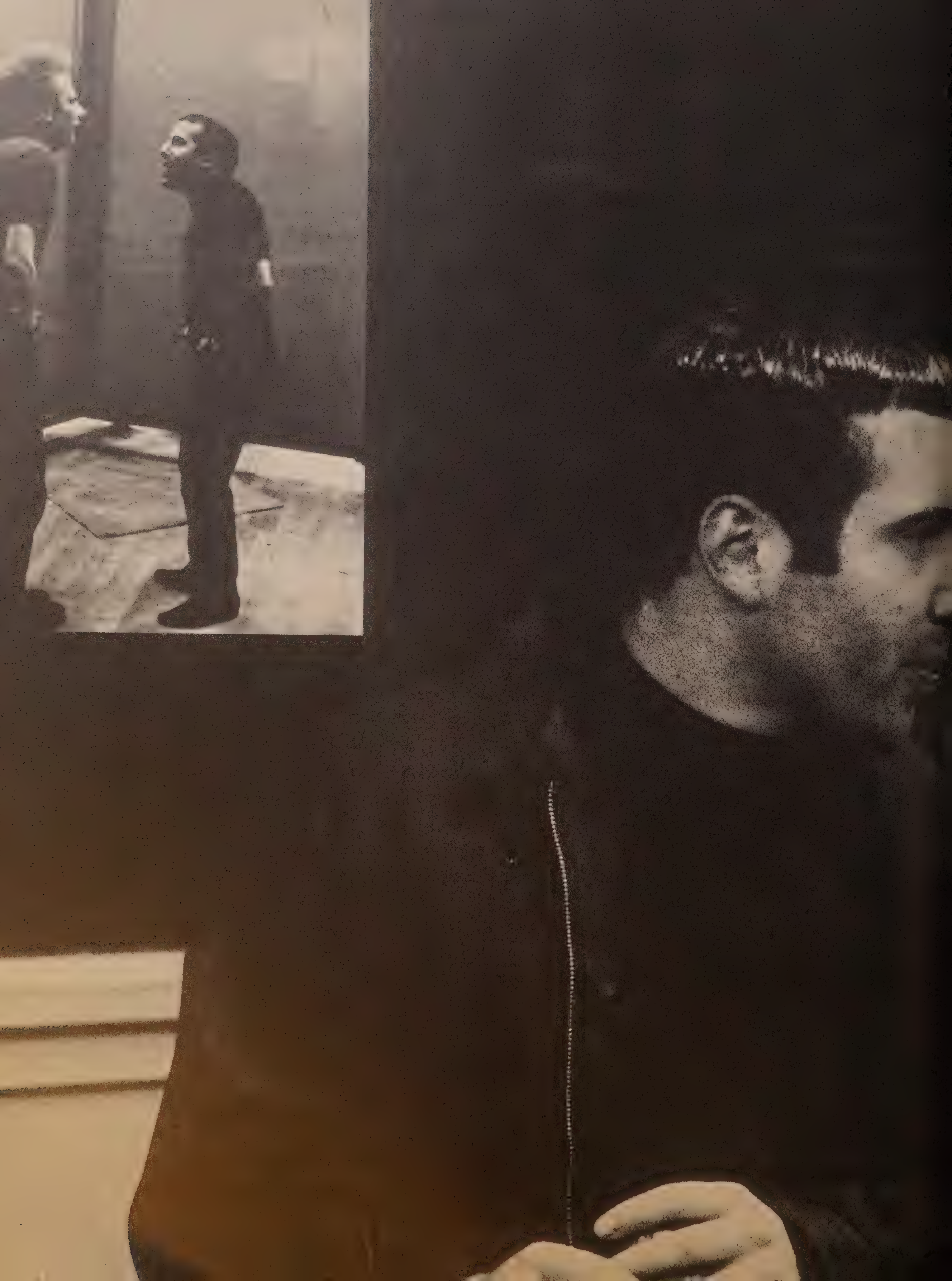
Plates

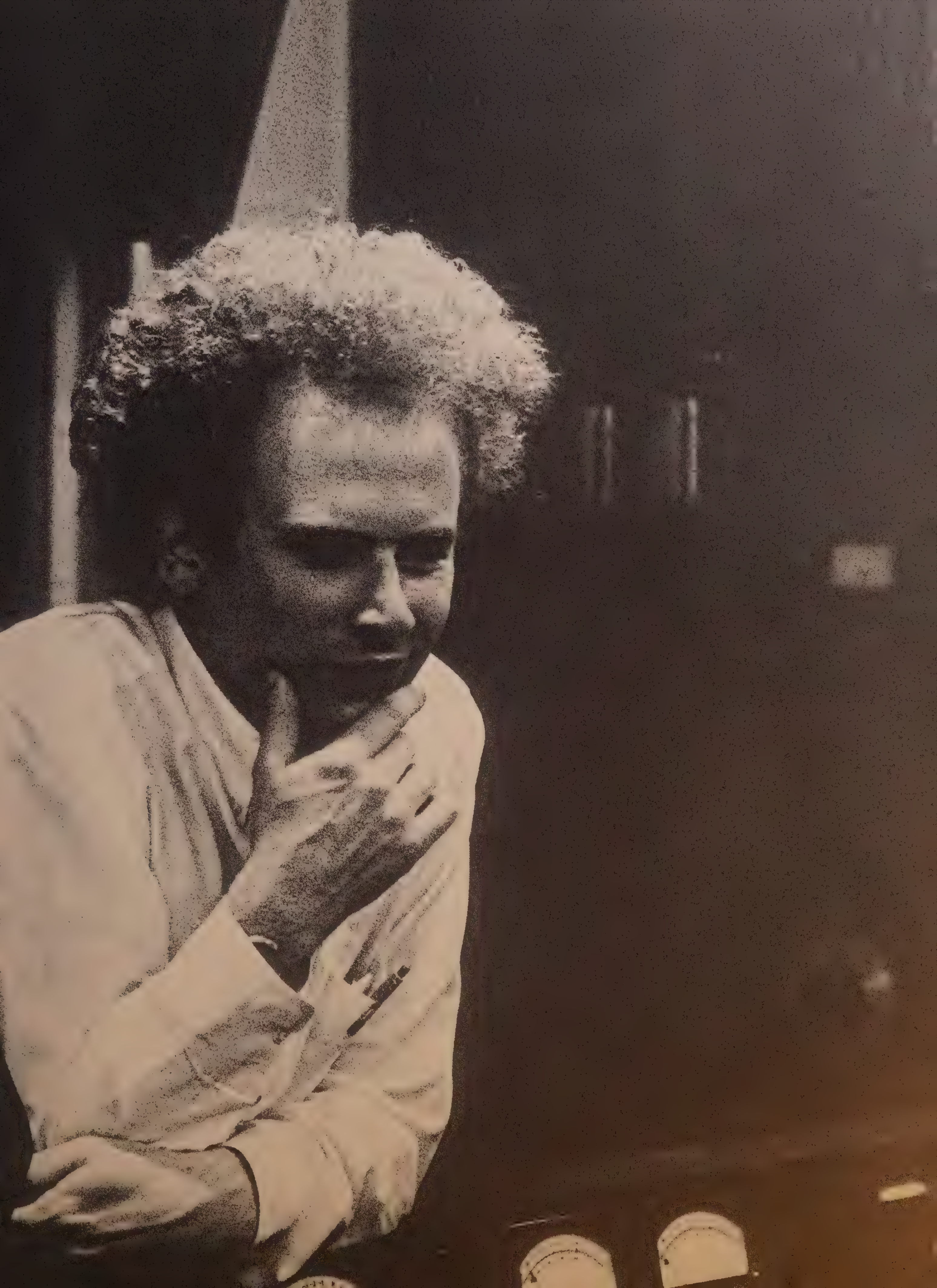
TOWN & COUNTRY

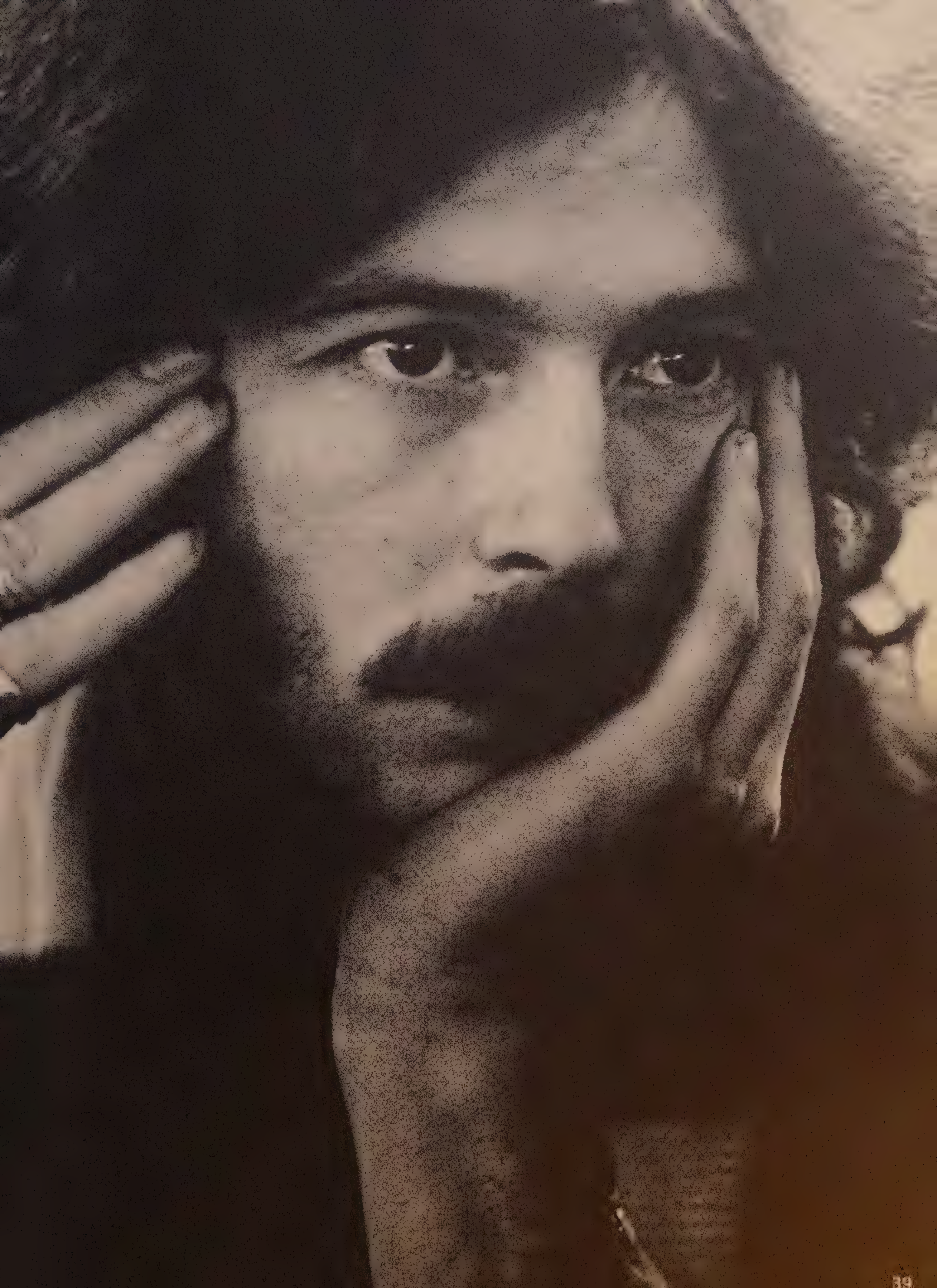


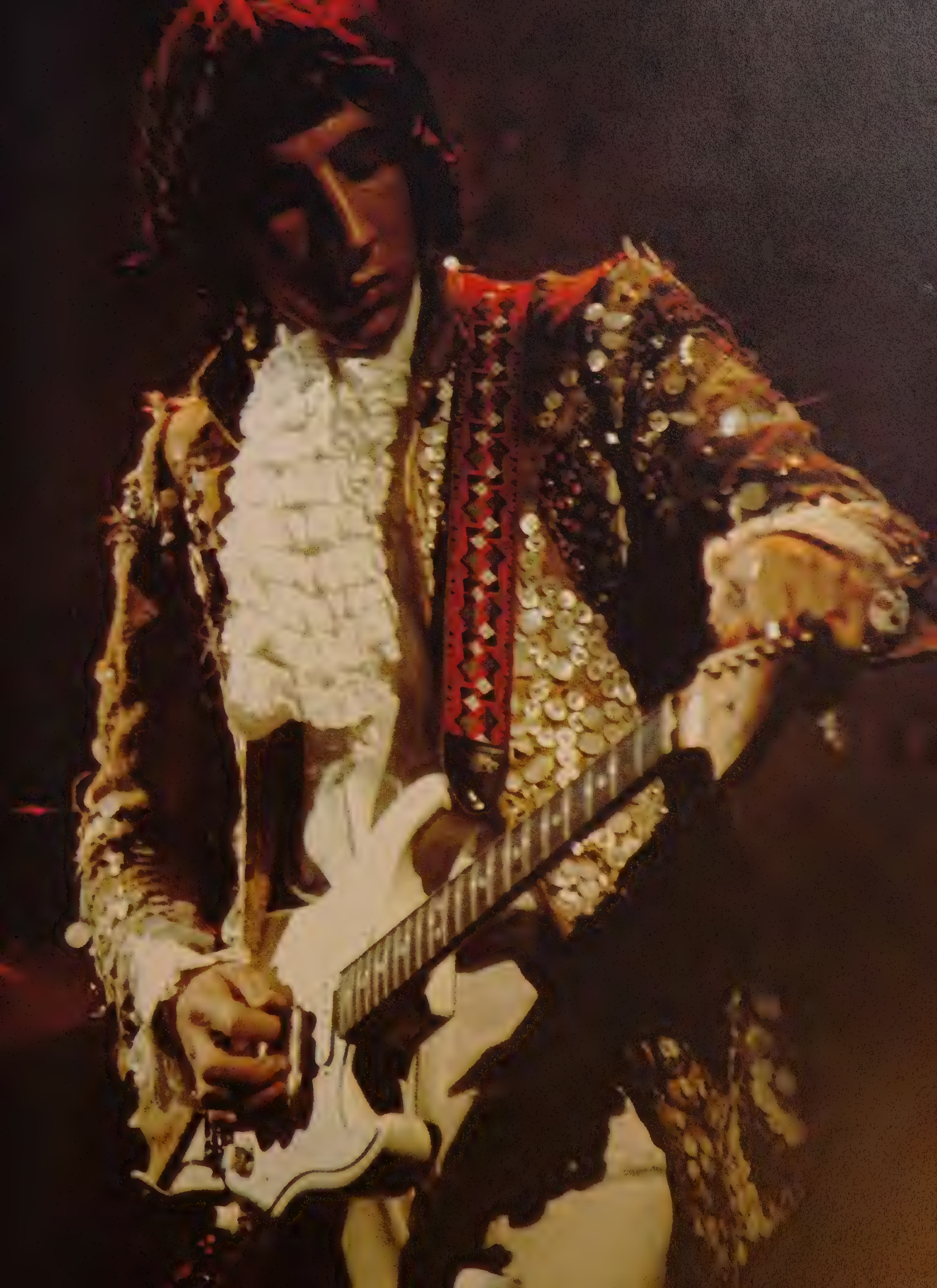


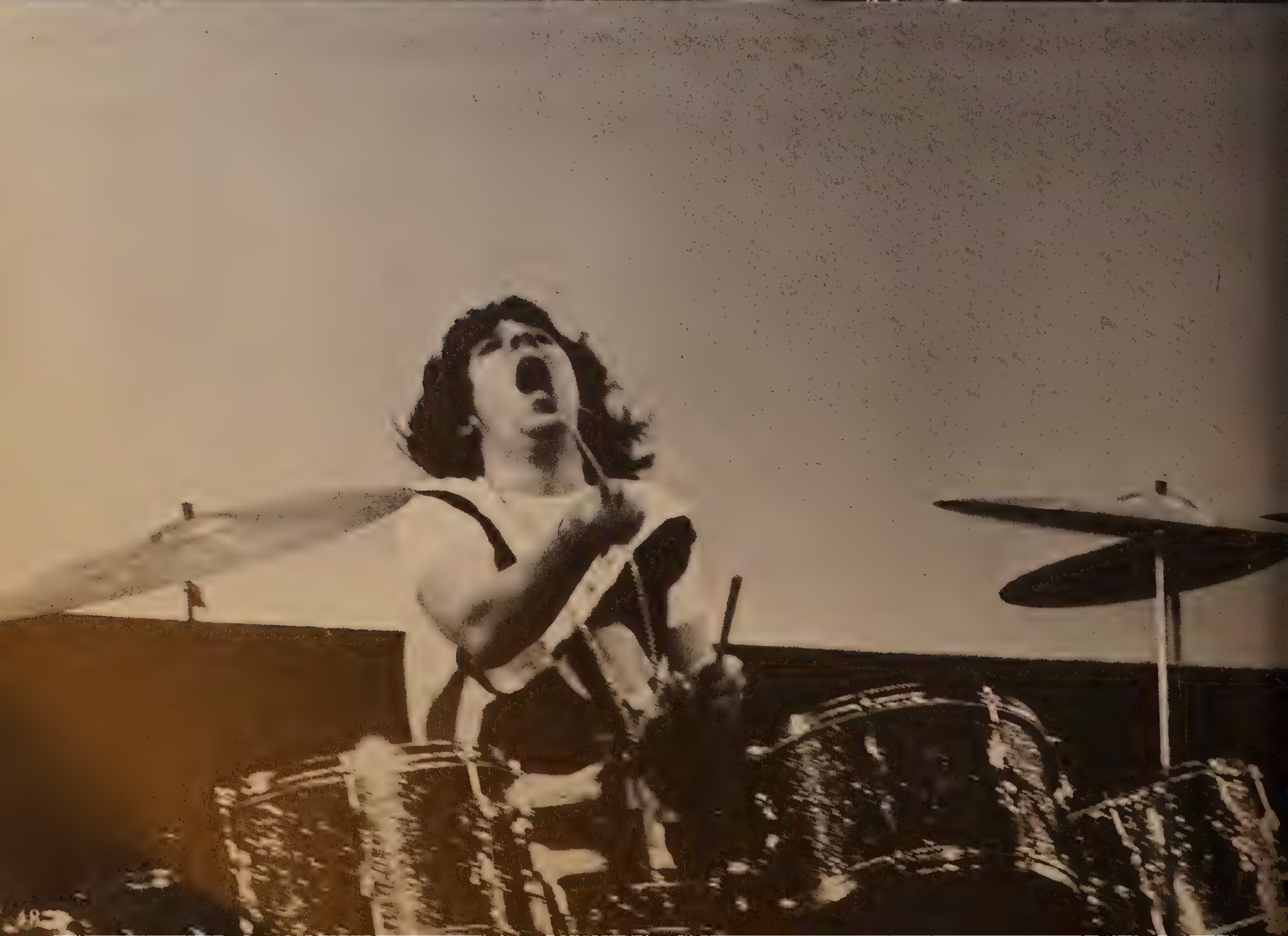




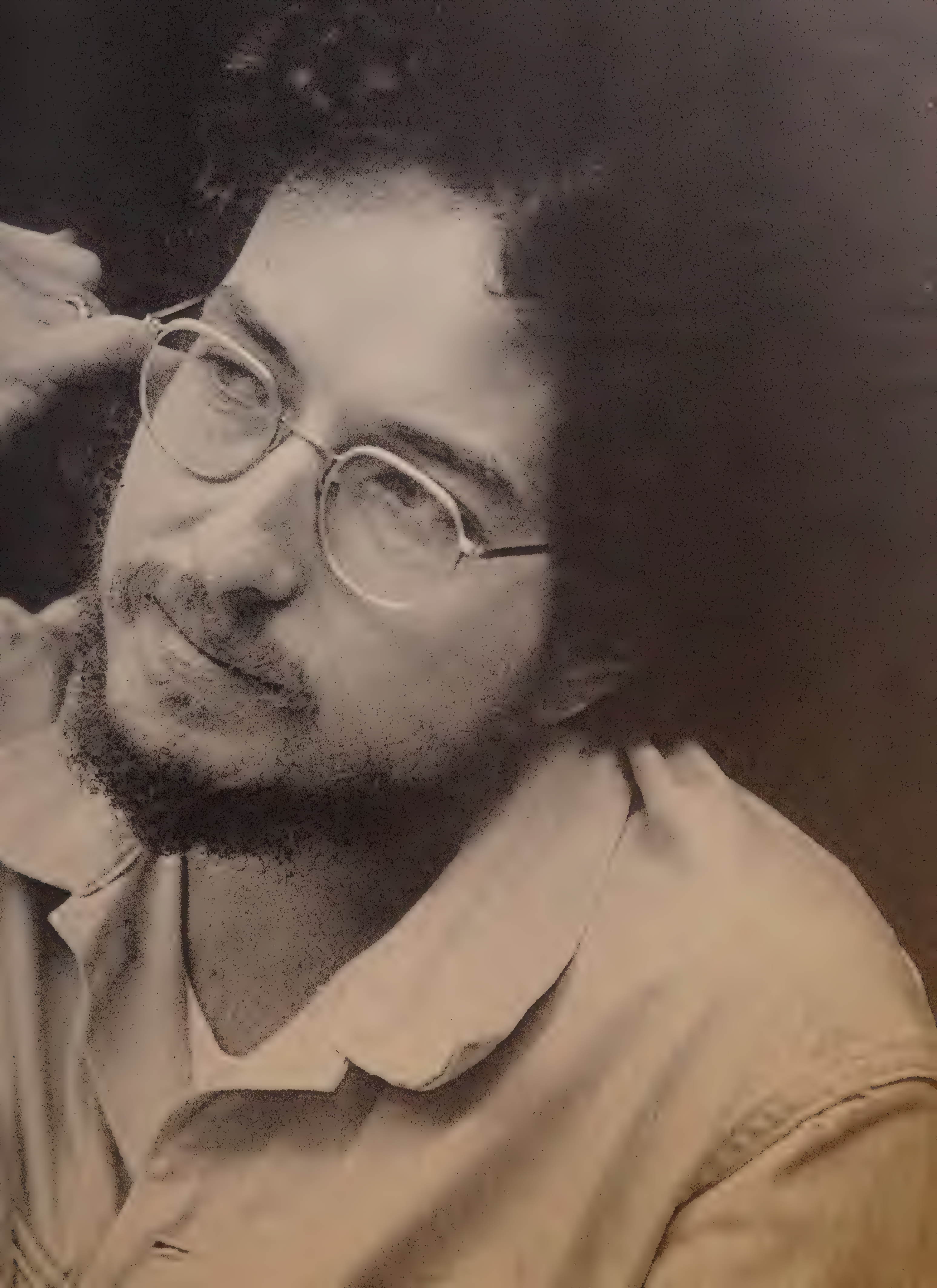


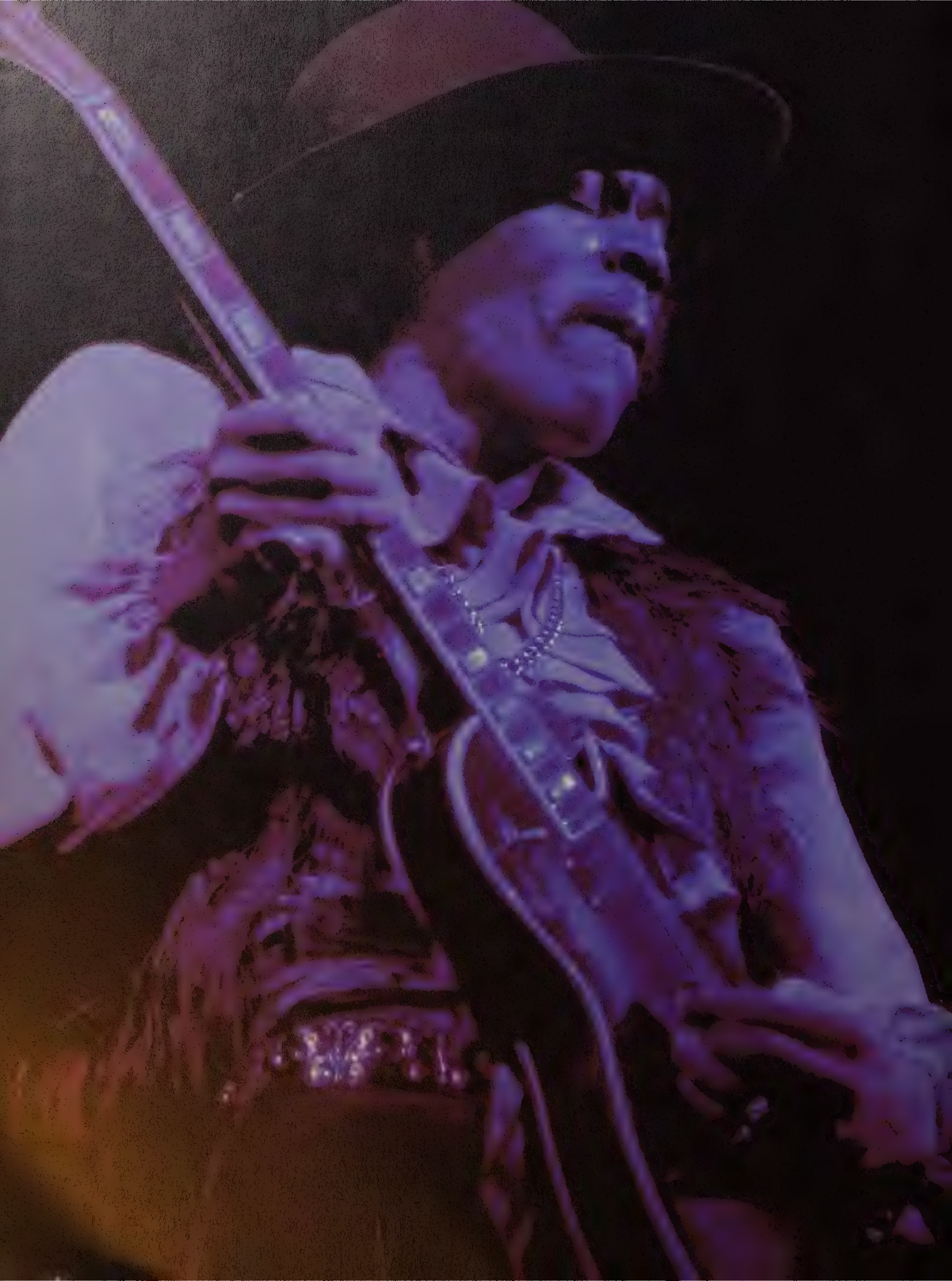


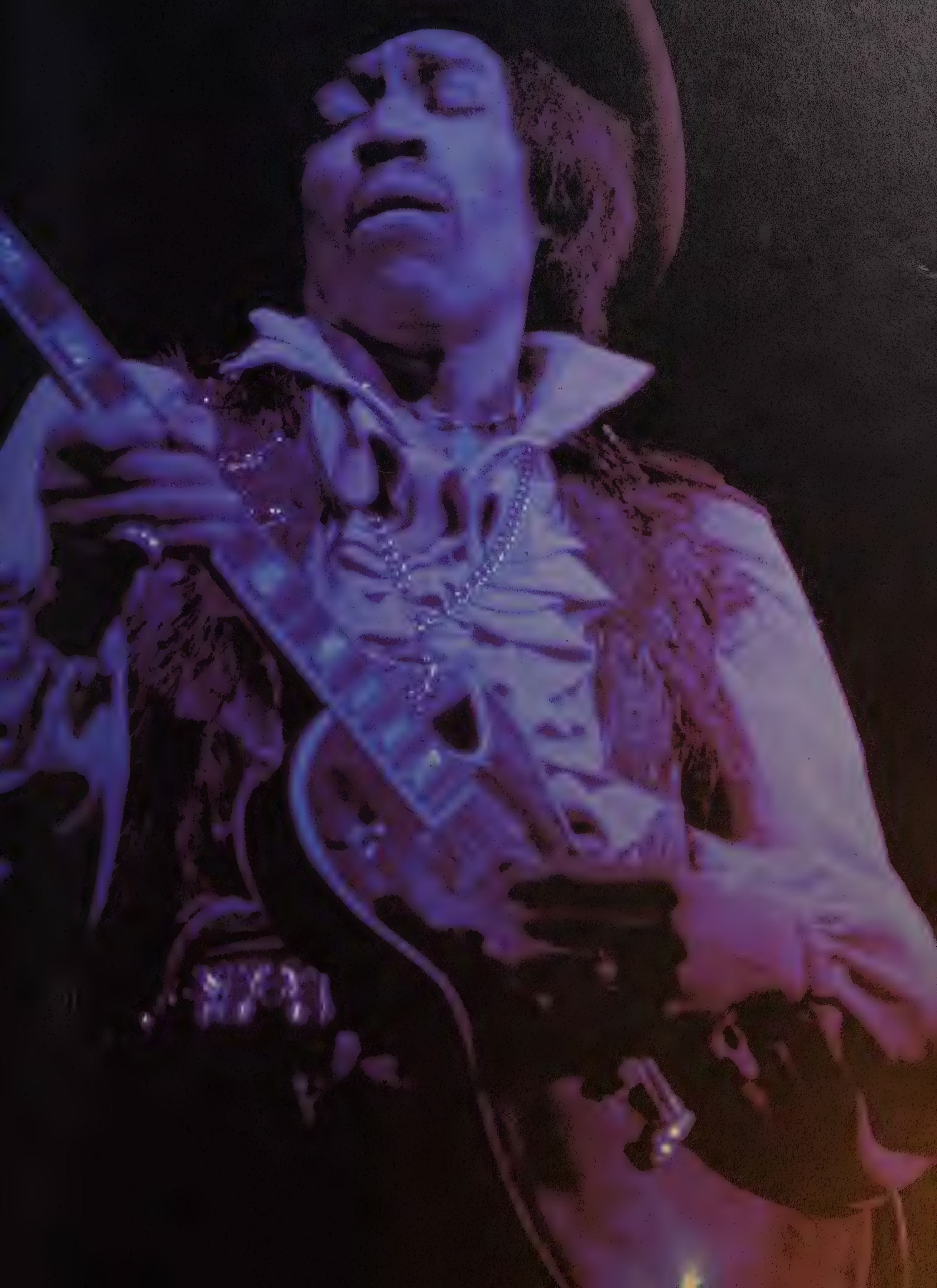


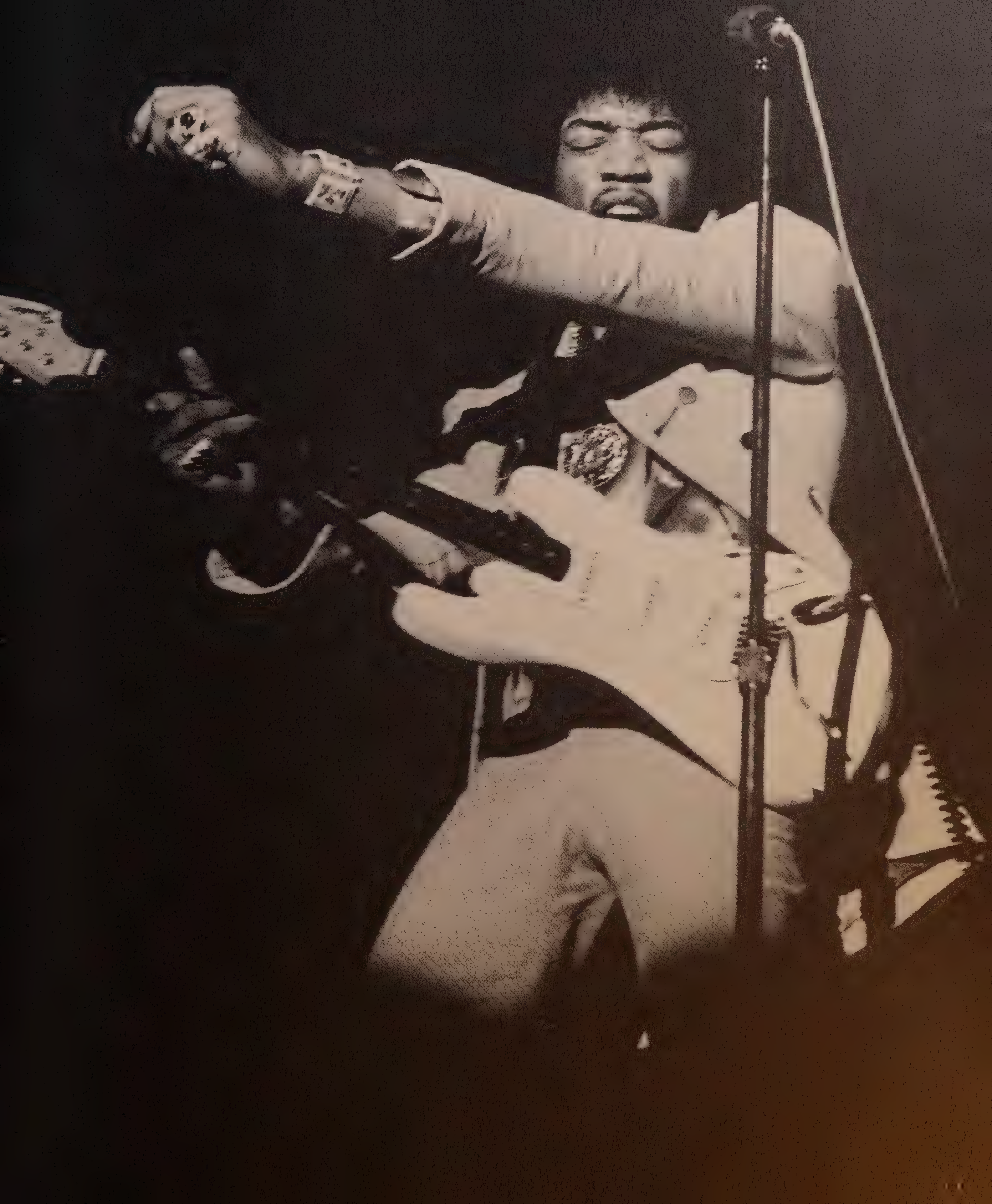


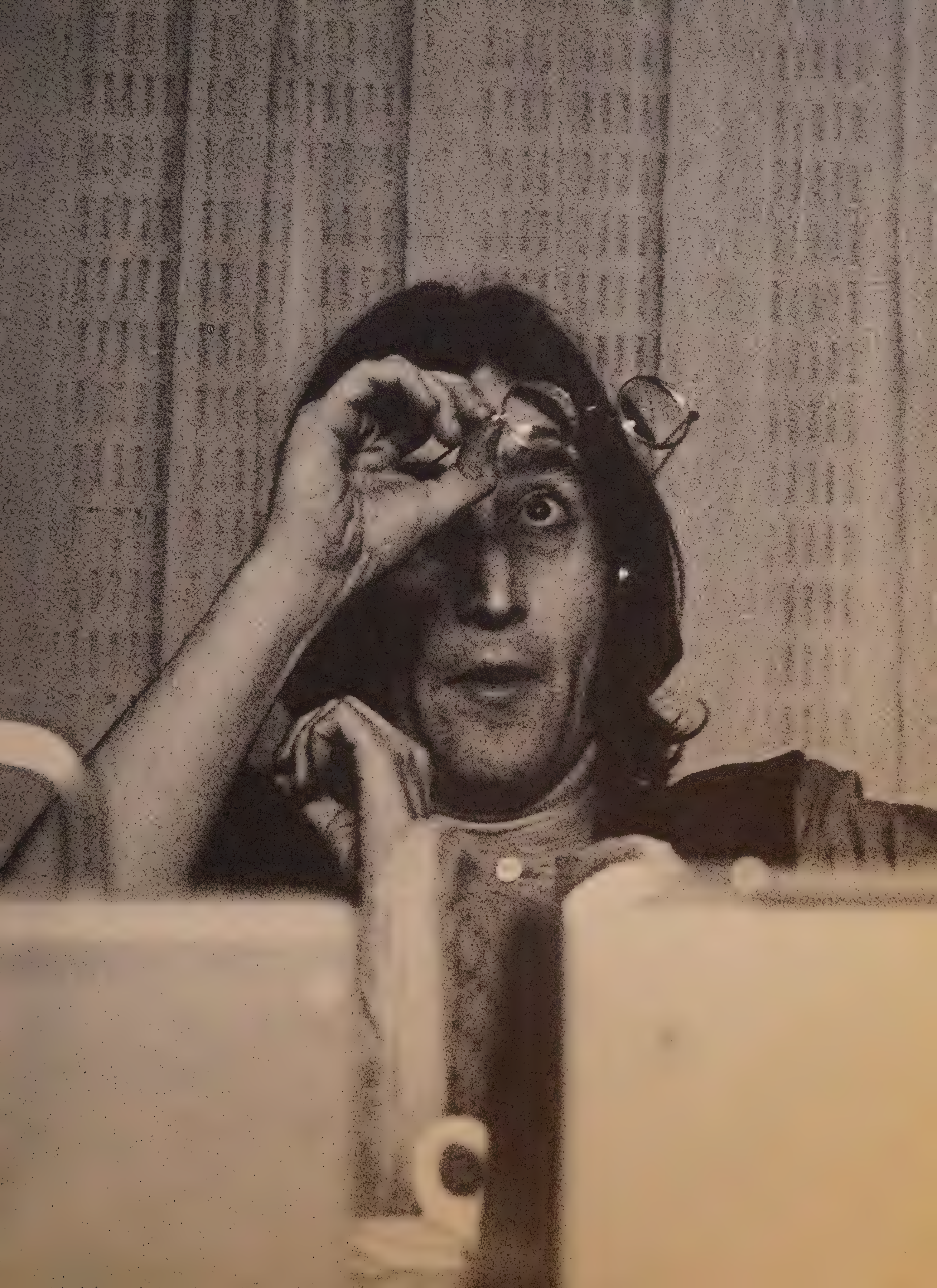
Lee

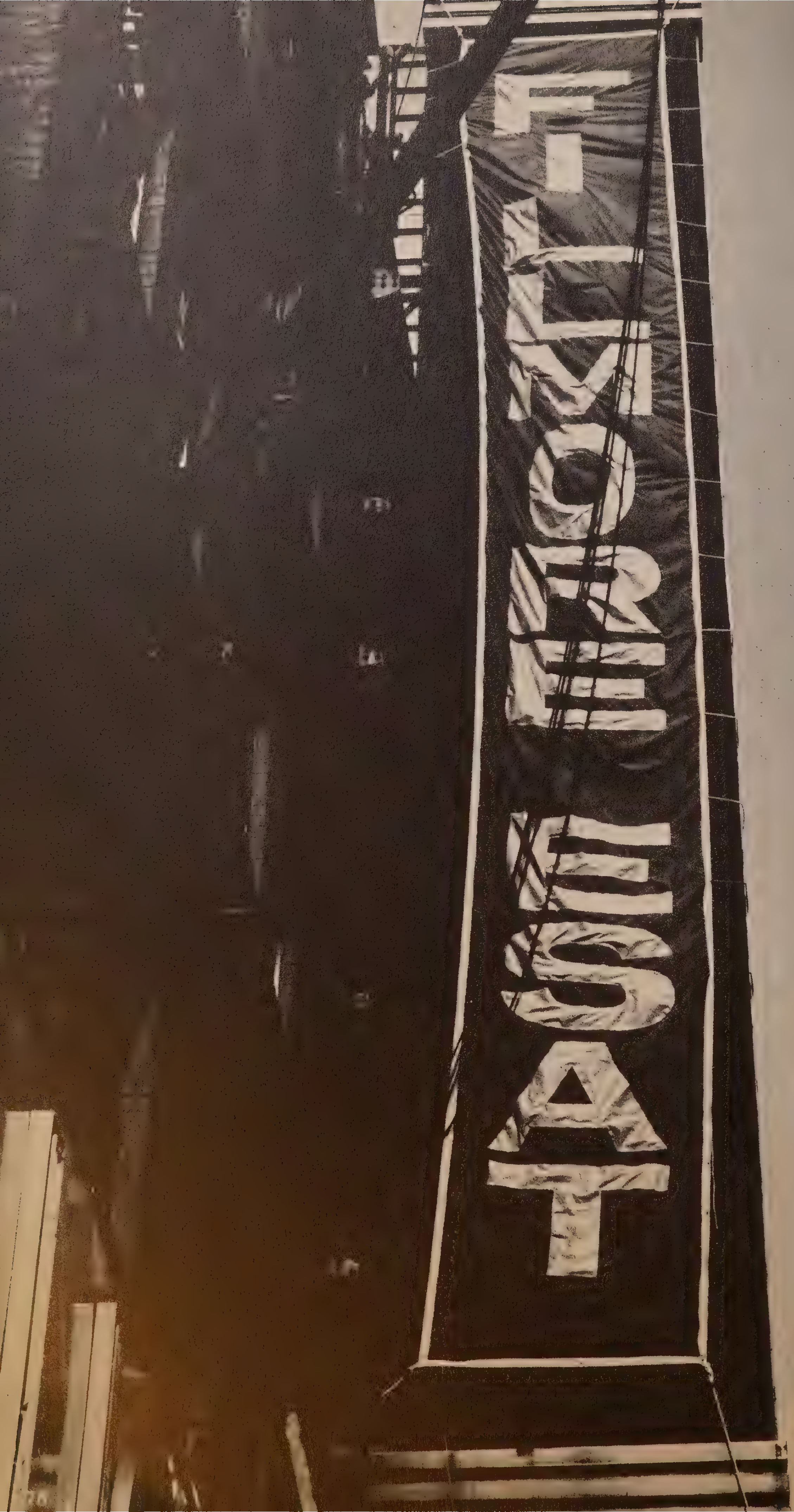








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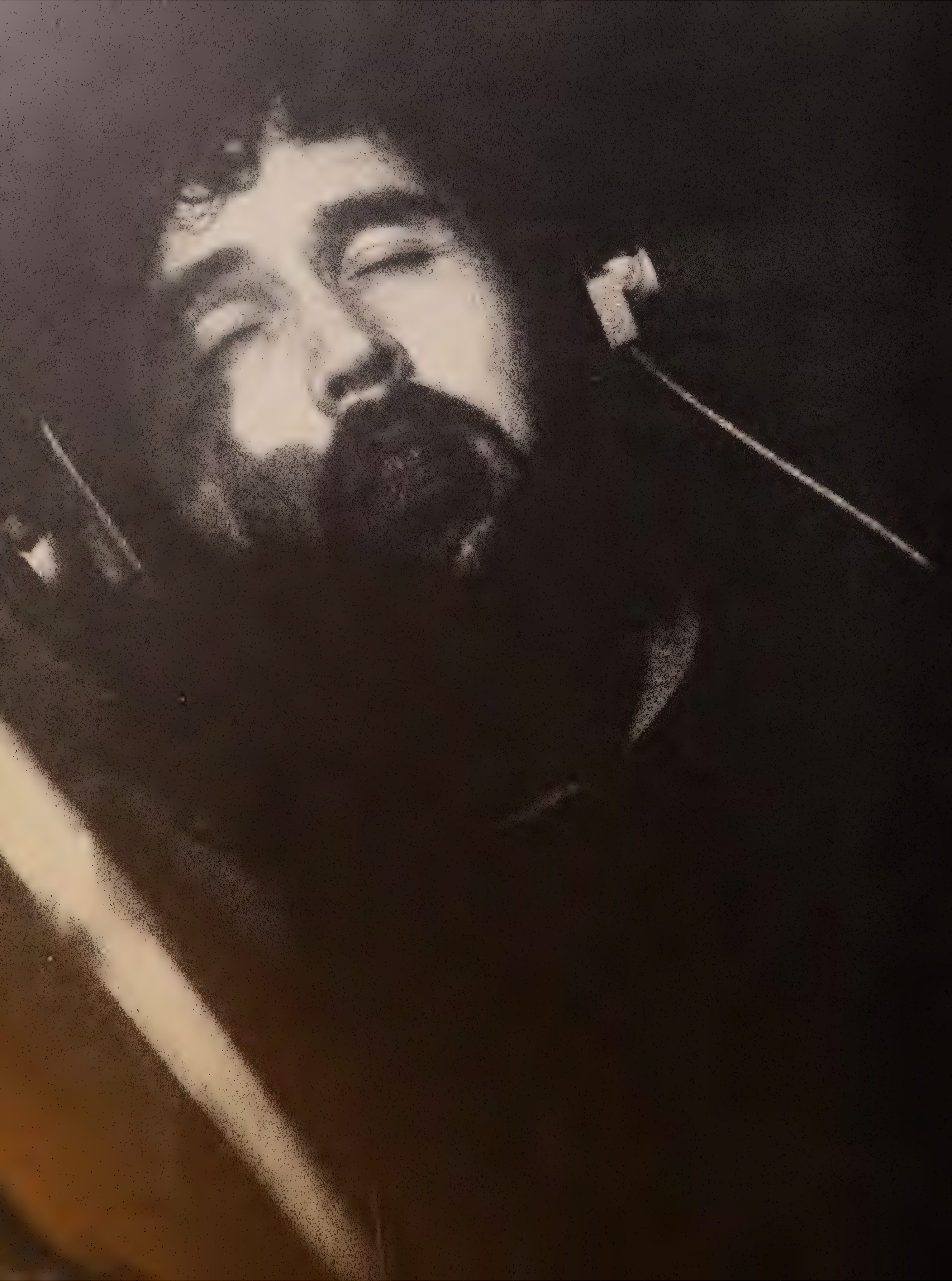
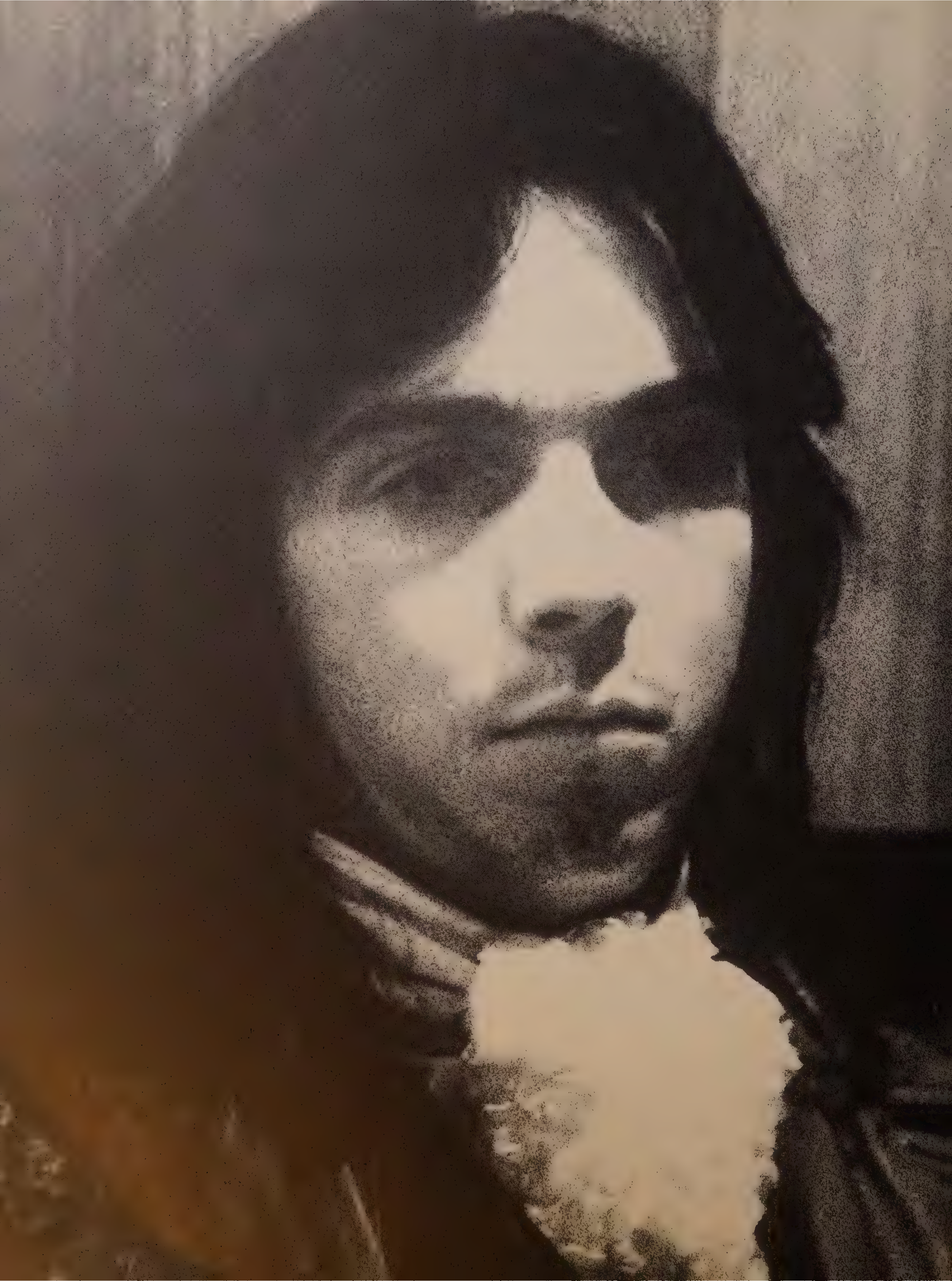
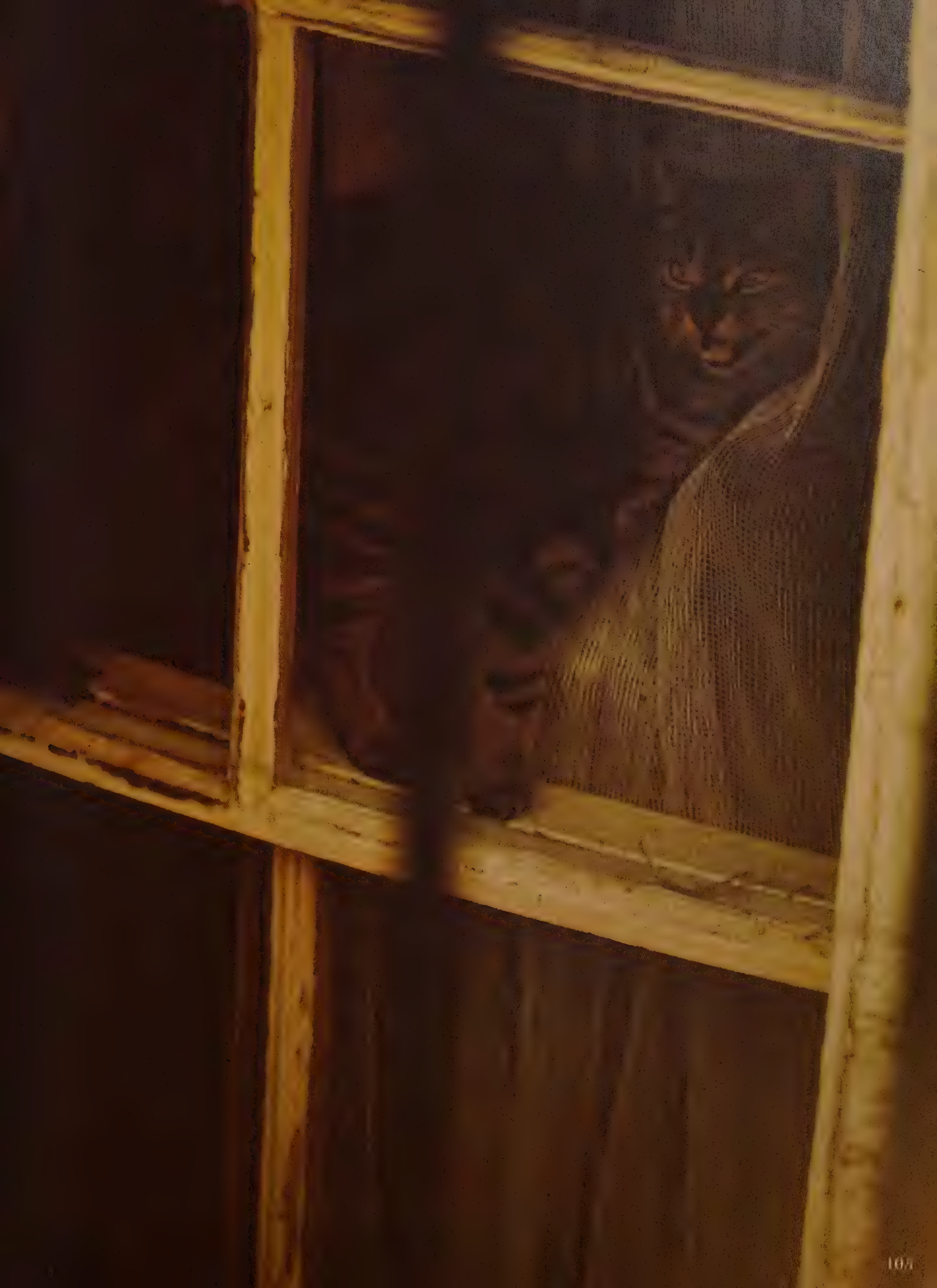
OUTHERN COMFORT





VENUS AND MARS
HEEP
THE TITLE OF
WINGS
NEW ALBUM



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1 Mick Jagger at a Rolling Stones reception on a yacht. 79th Street Boat Basin, N.Y.

2/3 Brian Jones and Mick Jagger. New York.

4 Brian Jones in a limousine. Kennedy Airport, New York.

5 Brian Jones. 79th Street Boat Basin, N.Y.

6 Tommy James and the Shondells, New York.

7 Otis Redding. Central Park, New York.

8 Buffalo Springfield. Taken in Boston.

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15 The fabulous Beatles. Twickenham Studios, London.

16/17 The Beatles at Brian Epstein's house. London.

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23 Leslie West. Then guitarist with The Vagrants. New York.

24/25 Jefferson Airplane. San Francisco, California.

26 Jack Cassidy. Rehearsing – San Francisco.

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80/81 Janis Joplin. Los Angeles.

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144/145	Painting the roof. Scotland.
146/147	Paul diving. Jamaica.
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PICTURES WITH WINGS!

She was the beautiful, energetic American girl
who charmed the Prince Charming of THE BEATLES, Paul McCartney,
and soon became the most envied bride in the world.
But she was also a gifted and perceptive photographer who moved softly,
with her camera and her heart, into a fantastic world
the rest of us dream and wonder about.
Now Linda takes us into that world, into the guarded moments, the hidden
feelings, the vitality, urgency and exuberance
of its famous people, and into her own private world as well.
Here, as you have never quite seen them before,
are the Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, Jimi Hendrix,
Bob Dylan, Dustin Hoffman, Mick Jagger, Grace Slick,
Janis Joplin, the Maharishi, Aretha Franklin
and many more of Linda's friends. And family.

"Bursting with candid energy!"
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"A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPHER…NOT ONE OF
HER SHOTS OFFERS A CONVENTIONAL IMAGE OR CLICHÉ!"
—*Baltimore Sun*

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